

The Flying Yorkshireman



The Flying Yorkshireman

NOVELLAS

ERIC KNIGHT · HELEN HULL · ALBERT MALTZ

RACHEL MADDUX · I. J. KAPSTEIN



With a Note by WHIT BURNETT *and* MARTHA FOLEY

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THE FLYING YORKSHIREMAN

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To

Thérèse Heilner Simon

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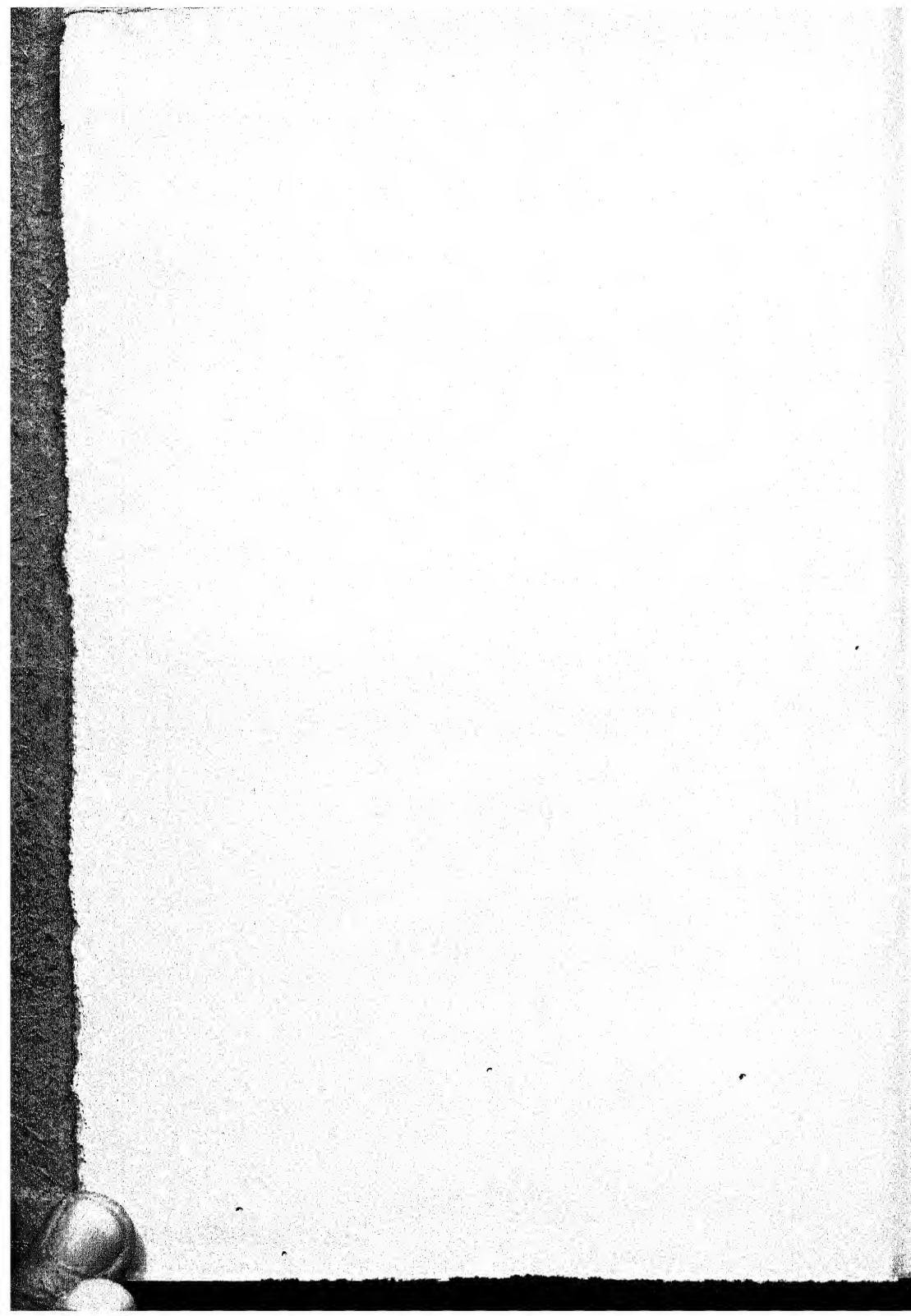
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The Flying Yorkshireman

BY

Eric Knight



The Flying Yorkshireman

THE CONVICTION that he could fly didn't come over Sam Small gradually. It just hit him all of a sudden.

That night he and Mully had been down to Los Angeles to hear Sister Minnie Tekel Upharsin Smith at the Temple. First off Sam hadn't wanted to go, but before it was over even he agreed that it was quite a bit of a do, and Mully had as rare a time as she'd had in all her born days.

Sister Minnie sang a hymn she had written herself, which started:

Won't you buy my violetsss—m'dam?

When that was over she had all the people who were from California stand up and turn round and shake hands with the people who were sitting and who weren't from California, and say: "God Bless you, Brother or Sister," as the case was.

Sam felt right funny what with a stranger pumping his hand, but Mully began to warm up to the whole thing; so that when Sister Minnie asked the people from foreign lands to get up and say where they were from, Mully kept nudging Sam to stand on his legs like a man and put their ha'porth in. But Sam wasn't having any. People got up and shouted that they were from Germany and Italy and China and Hawaii and Mexico and Canada. There was even one chap from India.

Finally Mully couldn't stand it any longer, so she tied her bonnet tight under her chin and got up and shouted at the top of her lungs:

"Mr. and Mrs. Sammywell Small, Powki'thorpe Brig, near Huddersfield, Yorksha', England."

Then she sat down with her face all flushed, while everybody ap-

That was about the end of the do. They closed up with some more hymns, one half the audience singing and then the other half to see who could be loudest; then the women singing and after them the men all by themselves, to see who could be loudest. And then it was over and everybody streaked for the doors.

Mully had had a good time, and there was no two ways about that. When she and Sam had pushed out through the crowd and were standing on the corner, waiting for the Wilshire Boulevard bus, she got enough words together to say:

"Well, Ah don't know how tha feels about it, Sammywell, but Ah've had a rare good time, and Ah think this is the right nicest place us has struck in all our travels."

Sam didn't doubt that she'd enjoyed it, but he knew, too, her remark was all part of the campaign to keep him in California. Neither Mully nor Lavinia, their daughter, ever missed a chance to put in a good word about Southern California. Vinnie wanted to stay so's she could have a bit of a dab at becoming one of these cinema stars; and Mully wanted to stay partly because of Vinnie and partly because she could never get over it that palm trees really grew in a white man's land. On top of that, there was no doubt about it that Sam had given the women quite a turn with the bad attack of bronchitis he'd had when they were visiting Vancouver.

So, of course, they never missed any opportunity now to keep after Sam about how good California was for his chest, and how that since he now was retired and a chap of independent means as you might say, there was no use leaving this sunshine to go dashing right back to England.

Now Sam knew all about the way the women were working on him, and he knew why they were doing it. He knew, too, that it wasn't over sensible to battle with them because probably they'd wear him down in the end. But still and all, a chap can't help putting his ha'porth in once in a while. So he blew his nose and said:

"Aye, taking the rough with the smooth, this ain't a bad place—for Yankeeland, o'course. But still and all, Ah'd give ten quid, Ah would, reight now, to be sitting back hoam i' t' Spread Eagle wi' ma chums on either side o' me and a good pint o' Guinness's in front o' me and a nice gert big coal fire to warm ma behind on."

Mully snorted.

"Ah'll see he does," Mully said, wiping her eyes. "Coom on Sammy-well. And just wait till Ah gate thee hoam!"

OF COURSE, for the next week or so Sam never heard the end of it. Mully kept her eye on him every minute of the waking day. He couldn't even take a walk alone. Naturally, he got very fed up with this.

"Ah'm no owd codger that can't tak a walk alone," he would complain.

"That so be as it may," Mully would sniff. "But just the same, Ah'm off to keep an ee on thee."

This, of course, meant that she had to let Lavinia make the rounds of the studios alone. But, just to show how strange things happen, Lavinia seemed to get along much better, and before a week was up she really had a screen test at G-M-G Pictures, and it looked as if the cinema was going to be interested in her after all.

The only thing, she said, that she thought was holding her back was what she called background.

"Tha means tha's ashamed o' me and thy feyther?" Mully challenged.

"Oh no. Nothing of the sort, Mother. I mean this place here."

"What's wrang wi' this place?" Mully asked. "Ah'm sewer there's no Lord or Duke or belted Earl in all England's gate a kitchen that's any bonnier looking. Indeed, Ah nivver thowt Ah'd live to t' day when a hed me a kitchen wi' yaller, black and white tiles coovering ivvery blessed inch o' t' walls."

"I know, Mother, but it's so small—and in what a neighborhood! We ought to have a home, not an apartment—a place where I could have a party and receive guests—and have a cocktail party and meet influential people and make contacts with directors and producers."

"Now I read that for two hundred and fifty dollars a month . . ."

"How much is that i' pounds?" Sam asked.

"Fifty pounds a month," Lavinia calculated.

"Well, Ah'll be a moonkey's ooncle," Sam gasped.

"Sitha, ma fine lady," Mully added. "That's moor 'n us ivver paid in us lives for a whole year in a house. And if tha thinks that we got brass to chuck away on thy fancy ideas, well tha just gate another think cooming."

Snow in Summer

BY

Helen Hull

Snow in Summer

HAZEL ran down the stairs to the basement, caught her heel on a step, flung out her hand against the white-washed cement wall, and just didn't fall. She stared at her outstretched smarting hand, and shook it gingerly. Nothing sprained, thank Heaven! Her tongue lapped at the reddening scratches and she crossed more cautiously to snap off the racket of the washing machine. At the final subsiding rumble she gave a sigh of relief. There was always the chance that the whirling rhythm confined in that sleek, white-shining drum might someday get the better of her, explode, fill the whole basement with its froth and din. She wouldn't have told George about the animosity between her and that machine, but she knew that someday she would fail to make something fast, and it would electrocute her or drown her in suds, or flail her to bits. George had given it to her for a Christmas present, two years ago. She could see him now, explaining how it worked, a clear flush like a boy's standing out on his cheekbones. She had demurred a little. Think how much it costs! Why, that would pay the laundry for weeks and weeks!

"But this will last for years, Hazel! Years! I can keep it in order. Don't you like it?"

He would have laughed at her if she had explained how it terrified her. She took a deep breath of the quiet in the basement, and watched the motes dance in the morning sun-shaft through the low window. Her tongue took a last dart along her abraded palm, and she flexed her slim fingers. It would have been too awful if she had wrenched something! Her mind picked up the game with time it played so constantly these days. She'd be back in half an hour. Another hour to rinse and hang out the clothes, ten minutes to brush up the living room, she had

may relish that rank taste, but my finger has rested for years on the pulse of the reading public. I know how their heart beats!"

"Oh God!" Carlton's lips made the words without a sound, and Mrs. Arner wriggled on her chair. Something stimulating about real argument, especially when she could see each side so clearly! Carlton said, aloud, "Since you have been so frank, may I explain that your choice offends me even more? Obsolete and immoral saccharinity. Resigning wouldn't be enough! I'd have to commit suicide!"

"Then those two cancel each other," said Mrs. Arner. "I don't believe either would fit a loud speaker."

They voted on the three remaining, three times, and each time each book had one vote. Mrs. Arner did not vote for the book she thought Minna's daughter had submitted, and she couldn't decide from the printing on the slips which of the other two had chosen it. Carlton looked as if at any moment his boredom would become complete paralysis, and Letitia Thomaston wore a glaze of indignity.

"I'm tired of this," said Carlton. "Let's draw lots. They're all tepid. Horn will blow hard and get his money back. What difference does it make?"

"It makes a difference to me. I am not part of a lottery, I am a judge. My first choice is thtill 'Ordeal By Love.'" (And mine is "Alley Cat," muttered Carlton.) "But since I have no co-operation, and since it is almost five o'clock—" she blinked hostile eyelids toward Carlton, and then turned toward Mrs. Arner bending forward to pull some focus around the woman's face. "I should think *we* might agree—"

"I'm not a bit dogmatic," said Mrs. Arner, hopefully. "I don't really know which to pick, and so I voted for 'Aspic and Honey.'"

"At least it begins with an A," said Carlton. Mrs. Arner smiled at him. He didn't bother her at all; Rudolph could be much more sarcastic.

"But I'm willing to change." Mrs. Arner took a long breath. Not even Rudolph could impute partiality to her now. She didn't really know it was Ethel May's book; she only knew that Ethel May had a modern way of writing, without ordinary aids to the reader such as punctuation and capitals, and the pages of this book had the same queer nakedness. "I'll vote for the one about the hand on the gate, if you will."

"And this," said Carlton, as he agreed, "is the way democracy works." When he opened the door, Horn leaped up from a chair, with the

Hazel stared at the photograph. Now that, she thought, is the way you're supposed to look. What it really is is just a picture a man took of a girl in a dress that wasn't even her own, a girl from some small town who had that kind of figure. Like that girl Lorna knew who got a job modeling. The train was moving now, and Hazel leaned back, hands folded on the magazine, her face close to the window. If she could put her finger on it, she'd know something about New York that was like that photograph. The New York she'd seen, at least. For here, outside the window as the train climbed above street level and pried its way between dingy, close-pressing apartment buildings, was another city, washing flying on a fire-escape, a woman leaning with elbows on a dirty cushion, and then as the train gathered speed, too quick a winding past of interiors for Hazel to see anything but lights which marked rooms where people lived. She sighed. The whole fantasia of the past days, with its abrupt rhythm, its dissonances, was growing very faint. Later she might decide what it all meant. But if she'd known what happened when you wrote a book—no, not when you wrote it; when you had it published, when you took a prize! She could see dark water now, and great advertising signs flooded with light, and dimly on the window the shape of her own face. She thrust out her chin, and worried a little at her lip. She'd do it again.

HORN walked jauntily through the station. It was late, but Millbeau, the salesman for the eastern territory, had agreed to wait for him. Like to run over the order sheets with him, tell him about the campaign for "Alley Cat." "The Hand" wasn't going to do much here in the East. Carlton had crabbied it, but he'd have to howl for the "Cat," he'd committed himself. Out in the sticks the "Hand" might move better. Women like Hazel ought to go for it, prizè band on it and all. But he'd cut the advertising, at least till reorders started. Jeese, was he glad to be rid of that woman! He paused a moment at the curb, snapping his fingers, eyeing a girl that passed, her tight dark dress catching the good line from thigh to knee. Not that she wasn't a good sort, nice eyes, if she knew how to use 'em. But personally he didn't fall for that flower of the field type. Didn't get on with 'em. Something appalling about that kind of naïveté. Probably never see her again. Didn't think she had another book in her. If he didn't get his money (Westerby's!) back on her, he would on "Alley Cat." First book sweet

until she almost believed the bird had worn them! "They said you had to be on the ground to catch the early worms. (Confound that bird.) I mean to meet the right people, work up radio programs, everything."

"You had to come home sometime," said John, "unless you stayed forever. Don't they know you've got folks? Parties all the time would be sickening, if you ask me."

"Oh, I'd love it!" said Lorna, and George did not look up from his plate.

After dinner Lorna wished to try on the new frock. Hazel watched George settle himself with the evening paper. "You don't have to go back to the office?" she asked, brightly, from the doorway.

"How can I, with no car? Or didn't John tell you about his latest piece of brilliance?"

John bolted up the stairs as if his father's words yapped at his heels.

"Oh, yes. Well, I'm glad something keeps you home. I mean you drive yourself just too hard."

George shifted his paper. "That was why you wrote your book, wasn't it? Those lonely evenings while the struggling dentist struggled."

Hazel drew a quick breath, and mounted the stairs, her feet clipping each step sharply. If he was going back to the very beginning, if those first silly interviews still rankled— For the first time, with a galvanic shock as if the thought had physical existence, Hazel said to herself, "Perhaps we are finished. I've destroyed his contentment, his notion of our marriage, of me, his sufficiency. He feels belittled." She paused at the top of the stairs, one hand clinging to the rail, and everything about her, the light, the walls, the sounds of the house receded. She was alone in a dark void, her blood had curdled in that keen pain under her heart, and no stimuli could touch her. She mustn't faint, that would be absurd. Somewhere she found her will, she stirred her curdled blood, she drew light and sound and the shape of walls and floor back into her consciousness.

"See, Mother, how do you fasten this?" Lorna was calling her, and Hazel went quickly into her room. She would finish with this, she would say good-night to Lorna and to John, and then, and then! Eagerness beat up in her, as if the very chemistry of her body had changed. She wanted to confront George, to have this out. She was through with side-wise fencing, with gentle subterfuge, with postponements.

She fastened the girdle, catching the sweet warmth of her daughter's

"That's good, darling," said Hazel, quietly. She must keep her horror out of her voice. That dreadful boy!

“Good-night!” cried Lorna. “Look how late it is, and me with scads of homework.” Confessional was over, she would have no more of it. She jumped to her feet, tugging at the cord about her waist. “I’ll just say it was so exciting having you come home that I forgot about work!”

Hazel gave her a quick hug. "Good girl," she said, and Lorna pretended to be absorbed in the book she had opened. John's door was ajar, and Hazel laid one hand against her throat, as she saw what the boy was doing. The trophy cup sat on the dresser, and John was stowing away in a drawer the contents of his suitcase. She stepped past silently, and went down the stairs.

George stood at a window of the living room, hands hooked together behind his back. He did not hear her, and Hazel looked at him, gray suit snug over truculent square shoulders, smooth light head well up, heels together. Her glance hurried about the familiar room, and all the furniture, the rugs, the lamps, chosen over so many years, lived with, looked back at her bleakly, meaning gone from them. George hadn't even turned on the radio! She walked in, selecting a strip of bare wood beyond the rug, and George said, not moving, "I thought you must have gone to bed."

"No," said Hazel. "I haven't."

"I thought you probably were pretty tired after all you've been doing."

"No, I'm not."

He turned then, reluctantly, as if he heard in her voice the restrained violence of her intention to get at him, as if he preferred more silence, more dodging, more sly undercuts.

"I just want to say this. I don't mean to stand in your way at all. You can go on to Hollywood or New York or wherever you want to. As Lorna said, Lounsberry isn't much to come back to. I can't compete with your offers. Lorna can go to college next fall. And John—a good stiff school somewhere would be good for him. He needs some sense pounded into him. We'll close the house. I'd rather live at the hotel. And later——"

Hazel sat down. "Yes," she prompted. "Later?"

"Later we could arrange for a divorce. A nice, quiet one, that wouldn't upset the children. You could stop off at Reno, say, on your way to Hollywood."

"You've got everything planned without even asking me——"

"Ask you? What was there to ask you? When you've shown in every move you've made what you really want! When all our life meant was that you were so bored you had to say so publicly! From the minute that telegram came about the prize you were different. You haven't known I existed. You haven't thought or cared about anything except what was happening to you, what was being said about you." George spoke with a quiet, unmodulated fluency which meant that all these words, worn round and smooth from constant turning in his mind, rolled out with no effort. He could not know they were amazing, because to him they were rote-familiar. "I've always known you didn't really care about my work, you never listened when I tried to explain it, it was only the way I made a living for us, and now that you can make so much more money you don't have to pretend. I waited till you'd been to New York. I don't know quite what I hoped for. But now I see it's no use. All these grand things—I won't stand in your way. You wouldn't say this to me, because you'd think, mistakenly, 'Poor George! I mustn't hurt him.' But I believe in extracting dead teeth. I can't stand things as they are. It's upsetting my work." His blue eyes had a sudden wintry gleam. "Do you know what I did yesterday? I mixed up two sets of X-rays, and I pulled out the wrong tooth. That is, it was the right tooth in the wrong mouth. The plate showed a shadow, but it wasn't Mrs. MacAndrew's shadow." He broke off with an impatient gesture, his hand implying, but you don't care about that!

Hazel sat back in her chair, her hands limp, her heart beating so heavily she felt it in her wrists. Dear Lord, it was like reading another terrible interview, or review of her book, this trying to see what George saw of her! The self she thought she was had shrunk into a dried pea, rattling in shells provided by other people! She didn't care about dentistry. George had told her that before. But who else could, the way George did? Was it true, that she was selfish, indifferent, absorbed? That grand picture she'd built up, of herself in New York! She'd come rushing home, and now George was pitching her out, making her over into a hard, demanding creature— Perhaps —

"George Curtis," she said, fiercely, "are you getting rid of me for another woman? Are you—that woman you took to lunch? That saleswoman? Are you in love with her?"

"No," said George. "Not yet. We have things in common."

"Oh!" cried Hazel. She flung out her arms, her eyes brilliant under the heavy lashes. "George, you idiot! I won't be extracted. I'm not a dead tooth! You—" was it laughter that sprang from the tight coil of feeling?—"you've mixed your X-ray pictures all up. Oh, don't you know I've thought about you every second? I've been so wretched because you didn't like it—I've been terrified! I had to make you think I had a grand time, didn't I? I didn't even feel real until I got home—and then you wouldn't come— Oh, I won't let you be so stupid that you don't know what I want first!"

"You mean you'd give up your Hollywoods and everything?"

"I didn't mean that. We could leave that till it came up. But I mean if we tried, I'd get used to being somebody, not a big somebody, and you'd get used to it, and it wouldn't make any more difference than—than your filling a tooth!"

"You don't think I mind that all this happened to you?"

Hazel looked up at his strained face, the light gleaming on his forehead, on his neatly brushed fair hair.

"I had a feeling you were a different woman, not the girl I married. But I——"

Hazel slid to her feet, clasped her hands behind his head, and kissed him. "There!" she murmured, against his lips. "Same girl."

Later they sat together on the divan, hands linked, Hazel's head on his shoulder. She thought: he did mind, terribly, just what we neither of us ever will know. But I've got him back. Dear Lord, help me look interested in dentistry or machinery or anything else he wants to talk about! I do love him so much.

George said, clearing his throat, "I bought a copy of your book. Twenty-five. They had quite a pile of them in Hudson's."

Hazel held her breath. She wanted to sit away from him, to watch his face, but she kept her head down against the solid shoulder.

"It's a good story. I don't see how you thought it all up. It wasn't exactly like your father's folks, although I recognized some of it. I was glad you ended it that way."

Hazel relaxed again. "I tell you," she said, dreamily, "when I write the next one, you can read it as I go along. You could make suggestions."

Season of Celebration

BY

Albert Maltz

Season of Celebration

At Nine in the Evening

AT NINE in the evening Baldy White, night man of the Hotel Raleigh, opened the door to Room B and poked his head in. He stood there chuckling. "Hey, Benson," he said, "here's some one wants to know if the beds is clean."

Except for a sick youngster, who was asleep in a cot further down the aisle, the man called Benson was the only one in the big room. He was lounging on the back end of his cot with his scraggly shanks hanging down loosely over the iron rim. Benson was a lank, ugly man of fifty, a farm hand and migratory worker. Thirty-five years of high-balling over the forty-eight states, from one job to another, from railroad jungle to Jesus flop house, had lined and grooved his weary face into a steady, bitter scowl. Now he sat grimly, hunched over, with an old newspaper spread on his knees to hold his game of solitaire. He ignored the night man.

"Tell him, Bill, tell him," Baldy repeated laughing.

Benson sighed. He screwed up his face into a grimace that was weary, sour and impatient at the same time, jerked his thumb, and sluiced a stream of saliva on the floor. Then he looked down at the cards again.

The night man laughed and smoothed the top of his bald dome with a thick, white hand. His mouth opened wide and the gold capped teeth gleamed yellow in the sharp light. He liked Benson. Benson was an old customer—a glum mutt with a cranky disposition, but no teeth left. Nice feller, Benson.

"Take a look," Baldy said. He closed one eye and inclined his head slightly toward the door.

A young man of about twenty-seven came into the room. He was shivering with the cold. His face was hollow and curiously serious with the brows knitted and the deep, brown eyes, which were liquid and soft like the eyes of a woman, set in a peculiar stare. He wore only overalls and a scrappy sweater which had lost its buttons a long time ago. It hung down loosely from his angular shoulders and he had it fastened at the throat with a safety pin. Under his arm he carried a brown, paper parcel—the suitcase and wardrobe trunk of a stiff on the bum.

Baldy watched him with an expressive grin on his face: A number one boy—he knew the type!

The young man examined the long bare room with great care: the triple row of iron cots, the narrow lockers, the hanging electric bulbs encased in wire mesh; he took a long time for it. Then he rubbed one hand over the stubble of soft reddish hair on his face while a finger of the other hand played nervously with the string on his parcel.

"Ah cain't sleep if there's bugs," he announced finally.

Baldy laughed. He knew the type! He knew them all! He was sixteen years in the business and he had seen the endless, murky river of men with an old shirt on their backs and two bits in their pockets. Number one was the working stiffs out on their uppers: the scared, bitter stiffs floating from town to town with their teeth locked together and holes in their shoes from scraping the streets at six bells every A.M., trying to find them a job, trying to keep their poor schnozzles out of water. Yes, Jesus Christ, when Baldy looked at them, he thanked his Aunt Lizzie he had this job. And the second was the bums, the boozers, the guys who had given up: two feet down already; tomorrow in a doorway or frozen by a curbstone or keeling over in the street; the morgue boys waiting to be laid out; finished but still crawling, scratching, coughing, panhandling, hanging on they don't know why; buy 'em an' sell 'em for a nickel. And number three was the fish in between: the men on the skids with their guts dryin' up, stiffs with their juice runnin' out; you don't look for work so hard any more; you've given up tryin' for a job nowadays; you're startin' to get drunk on smoke when you get it: Oh the boot in the backside but they don't know it yet, slidin' down hill but they can't see the ground go past. Oh yes, Baldy had seen 'em all! Sixteen years of faces he had forgotten. New ones comin' up every day like somebody had planted them. Here was a number one boy: a stiff with his nose for a job—but a boy with the trim-

"But this is Wednesday," the old man argued.

Blessy burst out laughing. "What do you think he is, a gah-gah-goddam elephant?"

O'Shaughnessy groaned aloud and awakened. He threw back the covers on his bed and raised up on his elbow. Then he sank back on the pillow again. He looked around with glazed eyes.

Blessy ran over to him. "Hello, kid," he whispered. His tone was full of warmth and affection and the love he bore this comrade of his was written unashamedly on his hard, coarse-grained face.

For a moment O'Shaughnessy didn't reply. He was awake but his mind was still clouded by the sick nightmare he had been having. Then he recognized Blessy. He smiled. It was a tired, drowsy smile. The skin wrinkled back from his mouth and his teeth juttled out like the teeth of a cadaver making his young face look piteous and ugly.

"How do you feel?"

O'Shaughnessy drew a deep, tired breath. "I feel better, I think." His eyes dropped shut again. He muttered to himself.

"What did you say?"

"Water," O'Shaughnessy mumbled.

"Do you want some water?"

The sick boy opened his eyes. "No, I don't want any water."

Blessy was puzzled. "You *said* 'water,'" he told him.

"Before. I wanted water before," the boy replied. His voice took on a weak, complaining tone: "I wanted water this afternoon but there was no one to give it to me."

"Gee, I was out shoveling, kid," Blessy apologized. "But I brought you a sandwich to eat. Do you feel like eating it?"

"I'm still kinda sick to my stomach," O'Shaughnessy answered. "Can't you eat it? We don't wanna —"

"Stop worrying about money," Blessy ordered. "It's snowin' again. We're gonna have a coupla more days' work."

"I guess I shouldna shoveled this morning," O'Shaughnessy reflected drowsily. "But I felt better. I thought I was all cleaned out."

"Sure you are," Blessy said heartily. "But you're pooped that's all. That's why you need sleep."

"Sleep is nature's remedy," Knox interposed from the foot of the bed. "Sleep and vitamins." He looked over at Blessy to see if the comment had registered. He was still trying hard for his turkey dinner.

O'Shaughnessy moved one hand laboriously under the blanket. He

Turnip's Blood

BY

Rachel Maddux

Turnip's Blood

*Turnips do have blood, you know,
Thin and mauve and lighter than air.
And almost always so confined
One never sees it there.*

*Only when it spurts
As when a knife cuts through,
Or when the quantity becomes so great,
The turnip hurts*

*And lets it free, does one learn
That it was all the time
Made of multi-colored bubbles
That arise, expand and shine.*

ALL HIS IRRITATION at having been called out of bed at three o'clock in the morning was gone now. It had been a nice piece of work, he thought, as he walked out of the hospital toward his car. He decided to drive the long way home and see the dawn because he wasn't sleepy and the weather was excellent, and he hadn't seen a dawn for years.

The long way around led through Miner's Village, a town of one street lined with two rows of identical stone houses. Lawrence had always liked Miner's Village and this morning he tried to think why. He felt quite sure that no one, not even the people who did live there, wanted to live there. Yet why was it so pleasing to him? The monotony of it must be the reason, he decided. Yes, surely the monotony . . . that was it. A lovely word in itself. He realized that he had gone

David laughed at the sight until Eve's head popped turtle-like out of the bundle of blankets.

"Why don't you sleep on the bed?" he asked.

"It's Alice's," she said and withdrew her head.

Lawrence sat and smoked Eve's pipe and listened to the breathing. Eve had gone to sleep at once and her breathing was even and rapid and quiet. Rameses snored erratically and now and then a leg twitched and the toenails scratched back and forth on the bare floor.

"Dreaming of rabbits, no doubt," Lawrence said to himself as he knocked out the pipe and laid it back on the shelf on his way out.

II

LAWRENCE was a man of considerable mental discipline. As he said, "he had to be," and so he neither neglected his work nor lost his sleep over Eve. But he was cursed (or blessed) with an accurate and vivid memory. The same thing that made him able to remember every patient's name and idiosyncrasies made him see Eve in her long gray robe when he smoked his after-dinner pipe at home.

The next day a patient, a young girl, came into his office wearing a green sweater. He found himself being less brusque, less professional in his manner with her. The day after, he asked Mrs. Darling, his cook, to get him some pears for dinner and as he ate them he pronounced Eve "plain stupid," but he got up at five-thirty the next morning all the same and drove to the alley and parked by the fire escape to wait for Eve. He would have liked to go to the park again, but he didn't feel up to another tango with Rameses.

Presently Eve turned the corner about a hundred feet from him and came into sight. Rameses trailed behind. She pushed her hat onto the back of her head and began hop-scotch jumping, landing with one foot on each block of sidewalk. Each time a foot came down she paused for a moment stork-wise and said, "He will come," or "He won't come." She ended face to face with Lawrence just as she said, "He won't come." She was out of breath and looked surprised to see him.

"So much for superstition," she said, and started up the steps, her hat still on the back of her head. David stood bewildered on the sidewalk.

"Aren't you going to invite me to come up?" he asked. She stopped climbing and, leaning over the hand rail, looked down at him.

the flying trapeze's wife and the Fat Lady live here, too. They did not much like having Rameses at first, but when I had him show them the trick you taught him, they were won over. The Fat Lady laughed and laughed and asked me to ask you if you would make her a corset. She is not allowed to wear a corset when the show is on but she says she wears it while she's resting because it's more comfortable, except the stays in this one punch. She offered to show me where the stays punched, but I declined. The Fat Lady is very jolly. She told me all about her husbands. The first one was a sailor and the other two didn't seem to be much of anything. She did not mention where they are now, but I gathered that she considers herself well rid of them.

I would have written to you last night, but I was hypnotized by watching the man on the trapeze's wife do her exercises. She insisted that I feel her calf muscles of which she is very proud, and she offered to show me some exercises to get me over the horse-stiffness. I tried a few, but finally decided the horse was the lesser evil.

You were right about the food, but the coffee is good.

Love,

Eve.

P.S. The horse's name is Solomon and he really *is* white.

Hugoton, Kans.

May 16

David:

So far I've just sat on Solomon, but today I began standing on him, first on two feet and then on one. It feels just like it looks, only they won't let me laugh while I do it—only smile.

I wish you were the Tall Man or something, so you could be here, too.

The Bearded Lady came to call on me after the show, and what do you think? She's really George Bernard Shaw in disguise! She gave me the position (financial, social, marital, unmarital) of the members, a concise little paragraph for each, and offered to advise me on my choice of friends. She smoked up all my cigarettes so that I had to borrow off the Tall Man who is fast becoming my best friend. You know

"Dear Eve," David said, "you shall have to go back to your family."

"Oh, no," Eve said, "they'd make me work cross-word puzzles, trying to keep me busy, and they'd be everlastingly sorry."

"But you can't live alone," David said.

"Then I shall come and live with you," said Eve.

"Unfortunately, you're hardly of an adopting age."

"Then you shall have to marry me," she said.

It was two months of gradual transition before David, too, came to this conclusion and in the end the two conclusions were identical and David's voicing of it did not sound as much weightier than hers as it should have in view of the fact that it took his sixty times as long as hers to be born.

In the manner in which they decided to marry they were like two people shopping for hats. David must go to all the stores and see all the hats in order that, after he had bought the first (which he had really liked), he need never in the future have occasion to doubt the wisdom of his purchase. Eve was as one who buys a hat to cover a head. This, of course, is only an analogy, for were they really shopping for hats, the doctor would have gone to the store where he had always bought his hats and where the clerks knew so well what he wanted that they would give him the right one the first time. And what Eve would actually do in a hat shop is unpredictable.

The doctor "looked for his hats," so to speak, from all angles. From thinking the situation impossible, he came to thinking that Eve was not old enough to choose a husband. She should marry a young man. Then he remembered that Eve, paralyzed, would hardly be in a position to choose.

He did not, of course, think of the matter constantly. Sometimes for days at a time the whole idea seemed so unreal and his work so real, that he scarcely gave it a thought. Then he would find himself saying things like: "I could fix over the library for her. There is a fireplace in there and it's downstairs. I could take my stuff upstairs."

He half heard some music on the radio one evening that brought Vienna back to him. There it was, crystallized before his eyes, full blown and in its glory. Eve had never seen Vienna. What fun it would be to tell Eve about Vienna—Vienna of twenty-five years ago, before anyone guessed that She was dying. He thought of Eve's sitting across the table from him (the table was so large; perhaps it would be nicer to sit around one corner) and of his telling her about Vienna and of

"I sent them to your house yesterday," she said.

He rather expected her to follow this remark with another or with a smile which would accentuate her cleverness at having known that he would, after all, marry her, but she looked ahead at the long flat highway, apparently having forgotten her remark.

Once she turned her head to look directly at him and her smile was such a one as to make him feel warm and glad and she said: "How good it is to see people in real clothes again!"

V

DAVID FELT that he had been right about the library, for the room pleased Eve. She had been there a week, in fact, before she showed even any curiosity to see the rest of the house. David was not sure that Eve could see the rest of the house comfortably, for she had firmly refused to have a wheel chair brought into the house, saying that they, like pianos, never seemed to belong in a room. David himself carried her in to dinner each evening and, since he saw her only in the evenings and she never complained of any inconveniences during the day, he thought that in this first week she probably was still weary enough to rest most of the time and that Mrs. Darling was so far succeeding in making her comfortable.

So when Eve said she wanted to be shown the rest of the house by him and he suggested that perhaps it would be better to wait until they had time to figure out the best way (meaning until Eve had reconciled herself to some kind of conveyance) he was surprised to hear her say, "Oh, Anthony will carry me."

Anthony was a huge white-haired Negro who had come to work for David so long ago that the circumstances had been forgotten. At any rate, he had come before Mrs. Darling, who had once been the cook and was now housekeeper. For what specific duties David had hired him originally neither of them could remember. He had been retained because of his philosophy, which was neither very clear nor very constant, but always colorful.

Anthony, whom David had always thought old and lazy, Anthony knew just how to do it. Eve, like a dancer in midair, dwarfed to feather size by contrast with Anthony's bulk, looked at David over Anthony's shoulder as he followed them up the stairs.

"You see," her eyes, looking mischievously at him, said, "a wheel

"I was so afraid you might be woolly," she said. "It's so nice to know you're all smooth." She smiled and fell asleep.

He stood for several minutes estimating the possible chances of meeting Mrs. Darling if he should walk upstairs without dressing. He hated to dress, only to undress again as soon as he had reached his own room. He decided to chance it and, holding his clothes over one arm, he leapt silently up the stairs and into his own room.

"I'll bet," he mused, "that Eve would have liked to have had that in the marriage lines: 'I, Eve, take thee, David, if thou art smooth and not woolly.'"

David never failed to be surprised and amused at Eve's conversations when they talked together in the evenings. He always gave her a brief outline of what he had done during the day and usually he asked her how she had spent her day. Almost always she had some long tale of purely imaginary and highly amusing activity to relate to him, and, strangely enough, there was no tone of irony or bitterness in the telling.

Eve usually had flowers in the house and one evening David noticed a huge bowl filled with chicory flowers. They were held together by a piece of florist's paper lace.

They both had been looking at the chicory when David asked. "Well, what did you do all day?"

"I've turned alchemist," she said.

"So?"

"Uh-huh."

"Are you a member of the union?"

"In excellent standing."

"Are you making gold?"

"No, my activities are purely experimental. Today, for instance, I threw Stravinsky and Huysman and Caldwell into a cauldron. Then I stirred and stirred, all the time humming the Star Spangled Banner to make it boil faster. And what do you think I got?"

"A burn?" David hazarded.

"No, a pink elephant. A small pink elephant. Next, I put in W. H. Hudson and the elephant's ears were edged with lace. When I added Van Vechten and a little *agua regia* the éléphant's front legs disappeared and after Cummings had finally dissolved the hind legs, the poor thing rocked back and forth on its belly most pitifully."

The Song the Summer Evening Sings

BY

I. J. Kapstein

The Song the Summer Evening Sings

The evening, don't you remember the summer evening when the sky faded to yellow and the wind gently whirled the dust and leaves in the gutters and a piano tinkled sadly far away and the bells of St. Joseph's rang out vespers, the kids playing in the streets and the men sitting in their shirt-sleeves on the front stoops with the smoke of their pipes drifting on the still air, don't you remember the dreamy summer evening of long ago?

A long, long time ago. The Boston *American* said NEW FIGHTING IN THE BALKANS, and Sylvie said, "Pa, where's the Balkans?" and he said, "In Europe," and Ma said, "In Europe far away," and Sylvie asked, "Were you ever there?" and Ma said, "A long time ago. When I was a little girl like you long ago."

It was suppertime, but the summer sun was still hanging above the maples and pouring light into the kitchen. There was green and white linoleum on the floor, the walls were painted yellow, the kitchen table and the chairs were streaky with the varnish you had put on in too much of a hurry last time. Ma had been baking, and it was hot. Over the table hung Pa's big calendar, and Sylvie, just learning how to read in the first grade at Laurel Street Grammar, spelled out the words:

THE PEOPLE'S MARKET

124 Water Street

H. ROBBINS, PROP.

Fresh Meats, Fruit and Vegetables

The Public Demands 'A Pure Ale That Will Not Cause Bilioussness'

Then Ma came in with the tablecloth with the red and white squares, saying, "Take that old paper off the table," and Pa pushed his chair back and leaned against the wall and read out slowly to you how Harry Hooper got three safe bingles off Groom of the Senators. "The boys over at the livery stable say there's a good chance of the Red Sox getting the pennant this year," you told him. And he asked, "Who said so?" and you said, "Joe Flynn," and he laughed and said, "Joe knows a lot about horses, but he just guesses when it comes to baseball. Why, the Red Sox always start off like sixty and then before you know it, they're down in the cellar."

Then Ma called Sylvie, and Sylvie went out into the pantry with her and came back with the knives and forks and spoons and the salt- and pepper-shakers and a big plate of fresh bread. Pa pulled his chair up to the table and reached out with his fork and took a piece. He bit into it and called out, "We'd be rolling in money if I could sell bread like this down at the store, Martha," and Ma came in with a couple of bottles of beer and set them down, and Sylvie brought in the sliced tomatoes and pickles. Pa grabbed a pickle and said, "I'm the guy that put the pick in pickles, I'm the guy."

He looked at Sylvie and said, "Why've you got that bandage around your neck?" and Ma, coming in with the big platter of cold meat and potato salad, said, "Don't bother the child. She's got a little summer

The way Rooney asked about your father made you feel better, but you didn't want to go back to the store yet. You turned back at the upper end of Water Street to go by the Bijou: **COMPLETE CHANGE OF PROGRAM TWICE A WEEK**, the big sign said, and you jumped out to look at the pictures in the lobby and see what they were going to have.

by the Selig Company

A Powerful Story Of Degeneration And Regeneration Through The Personality Of A Mother

by the Selig Company

A Thrilling Civil War Drama Of A Widow Who Gives Six
Brave Sons To Her Country Only To Have Her Seventh Son
A Coward. President Lincoln In A Leading Role

Chase

Farce

NEW ILLUSTRATED SONGS

not lying on the shaft; it had slipped up over his shoulder when he went down. "All right now," the man said, "a couple of you fellers pull this wagon back." Some of the men and the kids took hold of the wagon and pulled it away and wheeled it to the side of the street.

Then while you were tugging frantically at Pinky's head, the big man saying, "Now take it easy, sonny, take it easy," someone touched you on the shoulder and said, "What's the matter, Charlie? What happened?" It was old Rooney.

"Gee, Mr. Rooney," you said, you were half crying, "I don't know. All of a sudden he just stopped and went down." You brushed at the flies that were circling around Pinky's head. "What'll I do?" you asked him. "what'll I do?"

"Keep cool, Charlie," he said. "We'll have him up in a minute. Here," he said, he took a kid by the shoulder, "you go with Mrs. Hallett there. Will you give him a couple of pails of water, Mrs. Hallett?" he asked, turning toward one of the women.

"Of course," she said, "you come with me, young man."

"I guess the heat got him," Mr. Rooney said. He turned around. "Come on now, stand back a ways," he said to the crowd; "give the poor suffering beast some air." They all moved back a little and then began to edge forward again.

The kid came with the water and Rooney sluiced the pails over Pinky's head. His head reared back, but you could see the water made him feel better. "Get some more," Rooney said to the panting kid.

"All right, Mr. Rooney," the kid said, he was feeling pretty important, "right away."

"Hey, Julius, lemme carry one, willya?" One of the kids started running after him, but Rooney stopped him.

"Here, you," he said, "make yourself useful. Run up to Joe Flynn's livery stable and tell him to come down here with another horse. Tell him what happened, see?"

"Sure, Mr. Rooney, sure I will," the kid said. He began to run.

Rooney turned back to you. "Now take it easy, Charlie," he said, "everything'll be all right. You want to go back and tell your father what happened?"

"He won't have to," Mrs. Hallett said, "I just called up and told him, and he asked me to tell you he can't leave the store right now, but to get hold of Mr. Flynn up at the livery stable."

"That's what I thought," Rooney said.

"But how about Pinky?" you said.

"Oh, we'll take care of him all right, won't we, Joe?"

"Sure, we will, sure!" Joe said. "See you at my place in the morning." He went out.

"Where you going with Joe, Pa?" you asked him. "Can I go?"

"We're going up to the auction stables," he told you, "and Joe's coming with me to see I get a good buy."

"Take me, will you, Pa? Take me," you said.

"Well, Charlie, if your mother can take care of the store by herself in the morning, I might take you. So you won't be mad at me any more," he said, grinning.

"Sure she can, she's done it before. How about when you took me to the hospital in Boston?" you said. "She can bring Sylvie down with her. Sylvie'll be tickled."

"Well, we'll see," he said.

You handed him the dinner pail. "Ma said for you to eat it right away before the soup gets cold."

"Don't worry," he told you. "Get me a bottle of beer out of the icebox."

At supper that night, Pa told Ma what happened to Pinky. "I'll have to get a new horse," he said. "Wouldn't you know I'd run into more hard luck just when I'm pinched for money?"

"You mean you're going to buy a new horse?" Ma asked. It was hot in the kitchen, her face was flushed, and she wiped her hand across her forehead.

"Did Pinky die?" Sylvie asked.

"No, no, he just fell down," you said.

"I guess I'll have to," Pa said.

Ma sat down and began to eat. "I don't see how," she said, "if you haven't got the money."

"Oh, I got the money all right," Pa said.

"What money?" Ma asked. "You mean the bank money?"

"Sure," Pa said.

Ma sat up straight. "I thought you promised me after we moved into the new store and you bought new fixtures that we wouldn't touch any more of that money. Or what's left of it," she said bitterly.

Pa's voice got loud, you looked down at your plate. It made you feel ashamed when they argued, and you couldn't look at them.

"Didn't you promise me?" Ma asked. "Didn't you?"

glints from the sun. The short man suddenly ran in close and kicked Pinky rapidly in the belly, his leg swinging with a careful ferocity. Pinky reared up wildly away, and the man let the halter go. But when Pinky was free, he did not do anything. He stood quite still, trembling a little, with a line of foam showing on his mouth.

"I guess he's ready for it now," the man with the revolver said. He put the gun behind Pinky's ear and pulled the trigger. The cry came out of your throat, tearing its way, and seemed to hang for a long time in the sunlit air. Then the short man's head was turned toward you, Pinky stood with his head hanging, the other man's hand was behind Pinky's ear—you all stood unmoving in a terrible pause. Suddenly Pinky's legs folded under him, and he crashed down on the ground.

In the clear pitiless morning sunlight the old horse sprawled on the dirty ground, his gaunt neck stretched forward in the last agony of death, his legs already stiffening, the blood slowly bubbling from the hole behind his ear, and the iridescent flies circling his flanks.

Was this the first time, when you saw the blank protruding eyeballs, was this the first time you had seen how terrible is the difference between life and death, realizing how close death is to life? The tranquil summer-evening years of your boyhood lay there upon the ground, the years of joy and peace flung into the dirt with one blow. Did you not then feel the slow sad subsidence of the tranquil years running like Pinky's clotting blood into the filthy littered ground? "Pinky!" you screamed, "Pinky!" remembering, there is always only remembering, his nose rubbing against your shoulder and his mouth lipping your hand for the apple core. In vain the final stiffening of the body against corruption, the last stand of the muscles, nerves, bones, blood against the hungry suck of the summer-parched ground. They were pulling the dirty canvas over him. "Pinky!" you screamed. "Pinky!"

"Get that kid the hell out of here," the heavy man said. "How'd he get in anyway?"

"You let me alone, you murderer!" you said as the other came toward you.

"Now, kid," he said, "ain't no cause for calling names."

No cause. Of course not, no cause, realizing then for a moment the pressure of life squeezing you in its dirty hand, slowly pressing out the spirit, damming the heart's blood surge, bending the spine slowly closer to the ground till the heavy head falls forward, the thin body

following, and the gaunt neck stretched forward, the eyeballs protruding before the final stiffening and the final surrender.

"He's too fresh," the heavy man said, "bat him one over the head."

"You touch me," you said, "and my father—" but you stopped with a murderous hatred for your father burning in your heart, suffocating you. . . .

"It's not my fault, Charlie. I couldn't help it," Pa said. "That's what life is, sonny, that's life."

"Liar!" you screamed at him. "Liar!"

"If it was my kid, I'd paste him one on the jaw for sassing me like that."

"Let me alone," you panted, "don't touch me. Ma!" you screamed.

His heavy hand rang against your ear. "In front of all these people," he said, "you ought to be ashamed."

"You—you! You're the one to be ashamed," you said and ran blindly out into the clear burning sunlight.

The sun was nearly directly overhead. The factory whistles were blowing. It was high noon of the summer morning, and a long time to a summer evening that would never come again.

A Note on Novellas

BY

WHIT BURNETT *and* MARTHA FOLEY

A Note on Novellas

A GOOD STORY needs no explaining. But a note of comment perhaps is not out of place as to why, without a plague in Florence or a convenient jaunt of story-telling pilgrims to Canterbury, five separate stories of such variety should be presented in a single book.

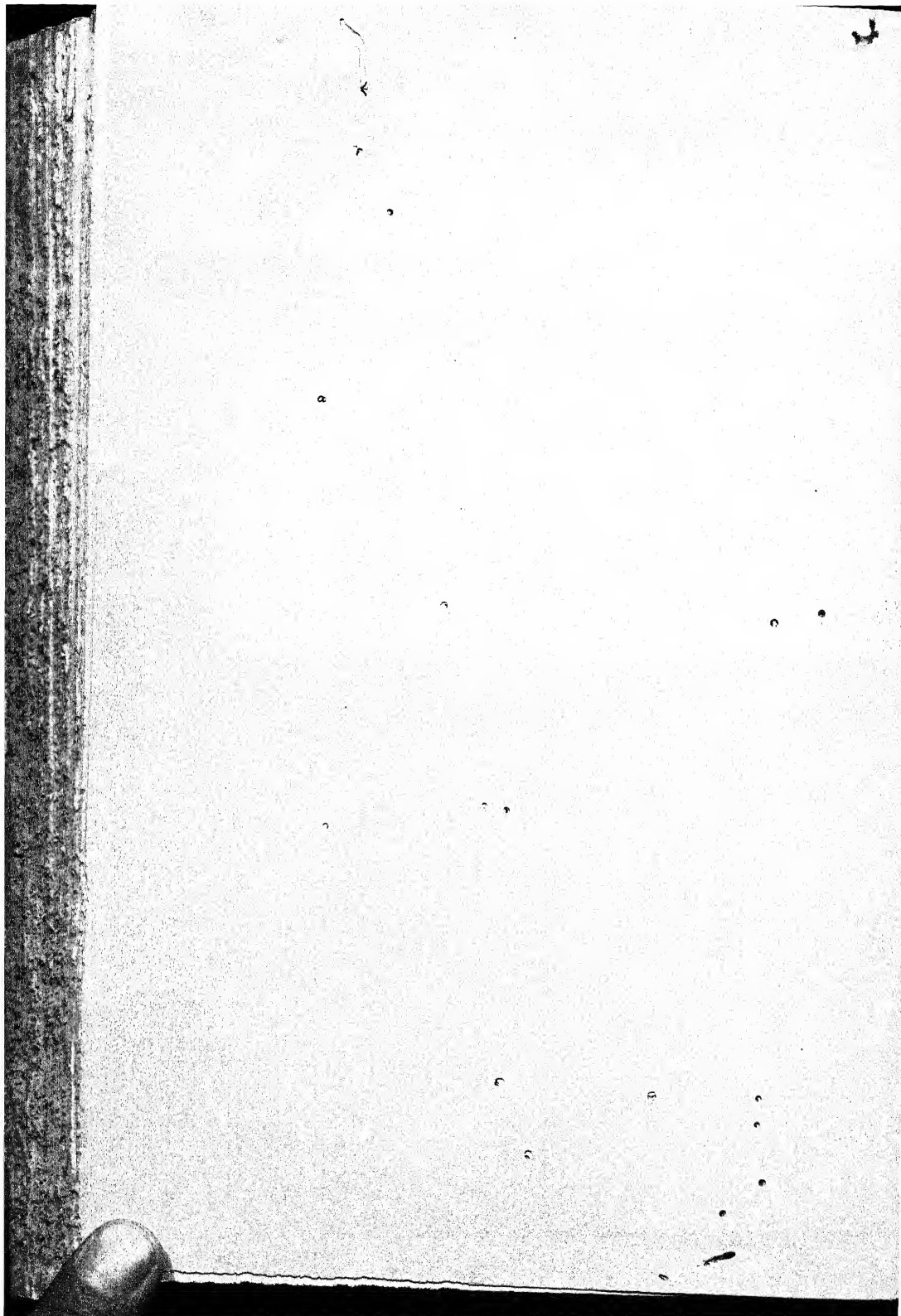
For, separate, unlinked stories these are, each, in a way, a creator's special world—from Eve's personal, fantastic realm in "Turnip's Blood" to the bitter realities of the flop-house world in Albert Maltz's story of the Bowery. And what morals and themes there are must be sought for by the reader: they are not set forth by a charming Queen of the Fifth Day or underlined by some ruminating narrator sipping cool drinks inside the framework of a porch or club.

In a country where more than 500,000 persons, according to a Book-of-the-Month Club survey, are writing short stories, the last year or so has seen the phenomenal emergence of a good number of stories which are less short than long. And, since they are long stories, there is, in general, no room for them in ordinary magazines. Five such stories, whose length and treatment have been gauged not by mechanical, commercial, or periodical publishing limitations, are included in this book. All first appeared in the magazine *Story*. Several other long stories have appeared in America during the year. With few exceptions they have been substantial and important stories, solidly fashioned, and worthy of a more than passing place in American letters. These long stories of literary value are something new on the American literary horizon and, while the form itself is not new, it is newly attracting widespread attention. The form is the "long short story," or, as it is called here, the novella.

thor longer breath and more time and space in which to evoke his people and his problem. It is no accident that it has reached high development with such full-bodied artists as Mann and James.

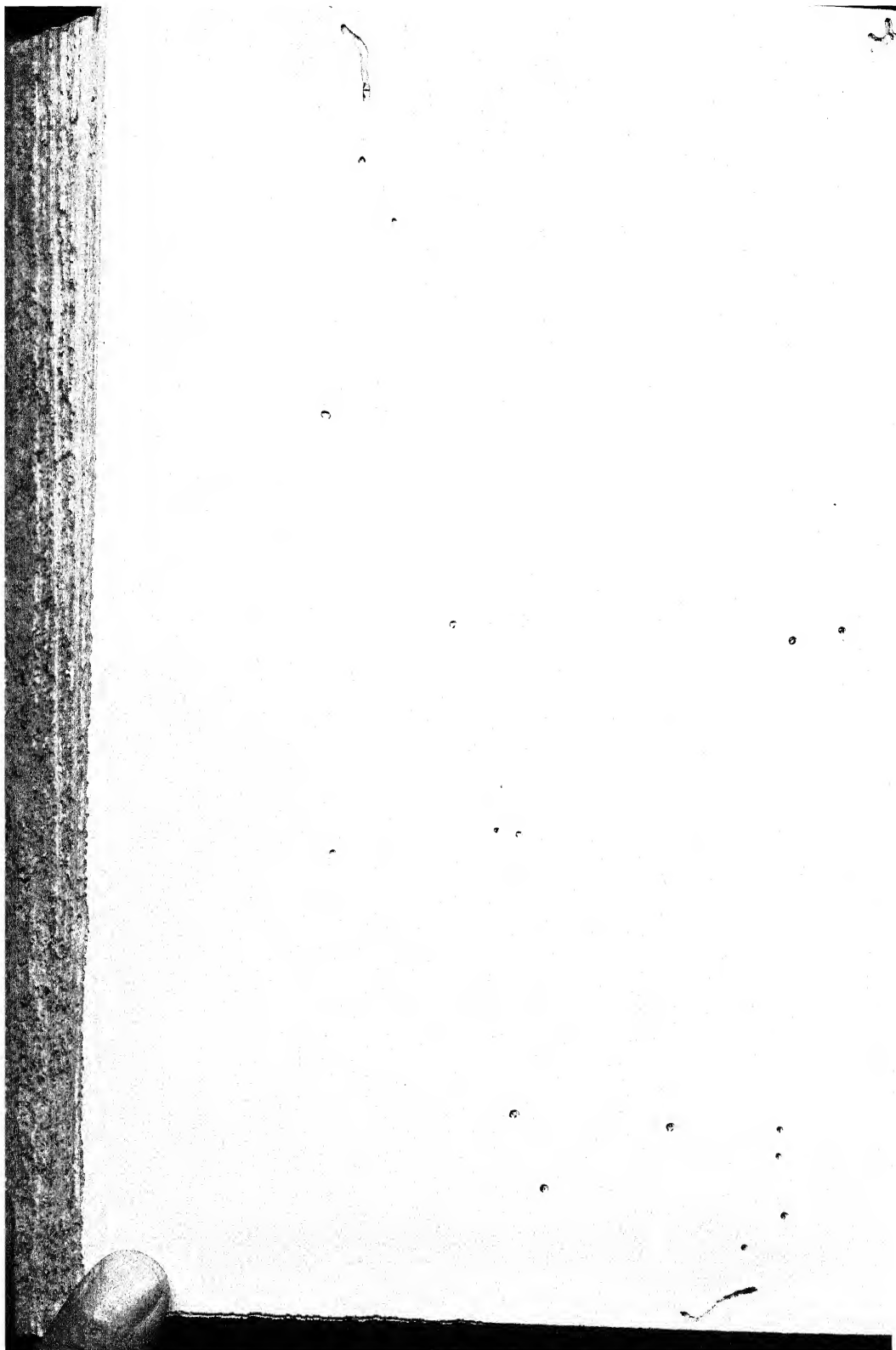
But—whether you call these works of fiction short stories, novellas, long short stories, or little novels, we hope you have found in each of them sustained moments of pleasure. Whether you are flying with Eric Knight's most human Mr. Sam Small, who could fly like a sea gull and could fly like a pigeon but could never quite fly like a lark—or experiencing with Albert Maltz the pathos of under-dog life in New York, there is a new and spacious treatment in these stories, a treatment, because of its length and yet unswerving singleness of idea, that permits a rich evaluation of all the elements of the story. This seems especially true in "The Song the Summer Evening Sings," in which I. J. Kapstein has recreated the colors and moods of a generation ago, and Helen Hull's delightfully detailed story of the small-town wife who is swept into New York to claim a literary prize. None of these stories can, by any stretch of the imagination, be called a novel; neither are they short stories. They are, we think, novellas, and effective ones at that.

WHIT BURNETT
MARTHA FOLEY



The Authors

PHOTOGRAPHS AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES





ERIC KNIGHT

Born in Yorkshire, England, on April 10, 1897, Eric Knight has lived an ideally varied life for an author of fiction. He has been an art student in America, a factory worker in his native shire, a Hollywood screen writer, a trainer of jumping horses,* a moving picture critic for the Philadelphia *Ledger*, has served in the United States Army, and was overseas with the Princess Pat regiment from Canada in the World War. He is the author of *Song on Your Bugles*, a Harper-Story Press book, one of the most moving books about the common people in England which has appeared in the last ten years. Mr. Knight has also written several short stories including "The Marne," which was reprinted from a story in the *O. Henry Memorial Award Collection*, 1936. He is married and lives in New York.

* He has been photographed innumerable times on jumpers but this photo, taken in New Mexico, is the first ever made of Mr. Knight on a wooden horse.



HELEN HULL

Helen Hull, who is the author of nine published novels and innumerable short stories, is presented here with her first novella. Although an experiment in this length, "Snow in Summer" promises not to be her last writing in the novella form, which she says she feels to be perfect for a subject between a short story and the full-length novel.

Miss Hull was born in Michigan and attended Michigan State College and the University of Michigan, and later the University of Chicago. She was instructor of English at Wellesley from 1912-15; lecturer in English at Barnard College, 1915-16, and has been at Columbia University since 1916 where, since 1923, she has been assistant professor. She was awarded a Guggenheim fellowship for creative writing in 1931.

Her first published work, written when she was only seven or eight years old, was a poem and a story in the *Advertiser Mercury* owned and edited by her grandfather, Levi Tyler Hull. She spends her summers on a farm in Maine, writing and gardening.



ALBERT MALTZ

Albert Maltz, author of "Season of Celebration," which at first glance will recall Gorki's "Creatures That Once Were Men," is divided in his literary allegiance between fiction and the theatre. His biography is as objective as his prose: "Born 1908, Brooklyn, N. Y. Public schools there; graduated Columbia College in 1930. Attended Yale School of Drama under Professor Baker for a year and a half. Left school for the New York production of 'Merry-Go-Round' written in collaboration with George Sklar. Play stopped for a week under Mayor Walker's regime because of its attack on political corruption. Editorial protest, etc., forced its re-opening. Worked a summer at Paramount Pictures. Wrote 'Peace on Earth' with George Sklar produced by Theatre Union. Wrote 'Black Pit' produced by Theatre Union. Won New Theatre League contest for one-act plays with 'Private Hicks.' At work at present on a novel. Member of Executive Committee of Theatre Union. Member of Authors' League Council."



RACHEL MADDUX

"'Turnip's Blood' a novelette which you are about to read is the effort of a thoroughly unknown and unpublished twenty-three-year-old." With this introduction Miss Rachel Maddux's first story to be published came through the daily mails to its editorial haven. Miss Maddux was born on Main Street in Wichita, Kansas, in December, 1913, "just in time to ruin my mother's Christmas," she writes. "I began writing when I was six, due, I am sure, to the encouragement of my sister, Erma, who is indeed a joy, and 'Turnip's Blood' is the first thing to come of it. There was a novel before 'Turnip's Blood' written on brightly colored paper when I was seventeen, working nights in a newspaper office, but my pet white rat chewed it into small bits and built a house out of it for her family of six. It was a much better house than a novel. I spent three years at the University of Wichita and the next year was graduated from Kansas University. 'Rameses' in 'Turnip's Blood' is my own dog who in real life sometimes answers to the name of Phaedeon."



I. J. KAPSTEIN

I. J. Kapstein says his autobiography is a plain one. He writes: "I was born in Massachusetts in 1904; public school education in Massachusetts and Rhode Island; was graduated from Brown University in 1926. On my way to and through college, I worked: newsboy, errand boy, filing clerk, shoe salesman, haberdashery clerk, door-to-door canvasser, mill-hand, soda-jerker; did a night-shift on the railroad, etc. After graduation, I worked for a year and a half in New York for A. A. Knopf as editorial assistant in the text-book department. I was glad to return to Brown as an instructor in English in the fall of 1927. With time out for graduate work—I got my Ph.D. in 1933—I've been teaching at Brown ever since. I published some verse in *Poetry* in 1928 and 1929; some critical articles about Shelley on whose philosophical ideas I wrote my dissertation (unpublished). 'The Song the Summer Evening Sings' is the first extended piece of fiction I've written. I've been so busy teaching English composition to freshmen and sophomores that I've not had time to do much writing myself. But I've always wanted to. I am married and have a three-year-old daughter."